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The Manor of Mirrors

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Chapter 1 by Ryshelle Stebelton

I woke with a start, nearly missing smacking my forehead on the window sill that hung just above my bed. My heart raced and my eyes were teared up, as usual. It was always the same.

I'd find myself in a room full of mirrors, not knowing who or where I was, but I always knew I was in danger. I always knew I had to leave as soon as I could. I would stand slowly, looking into the mirrors and trying to stabilize myself, like I was just learning to walk. I stumble around a bit, trying to find an opening. The room was odd, made of sharp geometric sapes that changed angles often and dramatically. I'd find my way out of the room, only to walk into another, and a feeling of dread and hopelessness would wash over me. I knew that I was walking through a mirror maze, only the stakes were much higher. Then, I'd hear it. Crying, screaming, wailing. Like a small child. I would always find myself racing around, trying to reach him at all costs. But I never did. He called out the same name every time, Kristy. Always, Kristy. I'd never met a Kristy before and the name never meant anything until the child screamed it at night when I slept. I would turn, slowly. Knowing something was behind me. And as I turned there would be a breath on my neck, and a whispering in my ear. "Yes, Kristy." It would say. I'd see it. A tall, black shadow with long, claw-like fingers and no face. At least eight feet tall, it was large, but lean. I would

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dream, there is a pity in their eyes and a gentleness in their voice that they never give me otherwise. It's like they know what's happening to me, but aren't allowed to say so.

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